

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Judgment; a Vision.* By the author of "*Percy's Masque*."—New York, 1821.

This is a poem, in blank verse, and gives a favourable opinion of the taste and talent of the author. His subject is one that seems so much beyond the reach of human genius, that to be able to treat it in a manner which is not absolutely a failure, may be considered quite a victory.

The difficulties of his theme appear, however, to have been present to his mind, and we are disposed rather to admire than blame the generous temerity which induced him to venture upon so hopeless an undertaking. It is, to be sure, nearly impossible to describe the awful mysteries of the Day of Judgment, in verse or prose of adequate sublimity and grandeur, but poetry is never more pleasing than when she risks most, and it is better to fail in a noble enterprise than to succeed in one of trifling difficulty.

The poet supposes himself to have fallen asleep after witnessing the ceremonials of the Christmas festival, and what follows is the dream which "appalled his soul."

Methought I journeyed o'er a boundless plain

Unbroke by vale or hill, on all sides stretched,

Like circling ocean, to the low-brow'd sky;

Save in the midst a verdant mount whose sides

Flowers of all hues and fragrant breath adorned.

Lightly I trod, as on some joyous quest, Beneath the azure vault and early sun;

But while my pleased eyes ranged the circuit green,

New light shone round; a murmur came, confused,

Like many voices and the rush of wings. Upward I gazed, and mid the glittering skies,

Begin by flying myriads, saw a throne Whose thousand splendours blazed upon the earth

Refulgent as another sun. Thro' clouds

They came, and vapours coloured by Aurora,

Mingling in swell sublime, voices and harps,

And sounding wings, and hallelujahs sweet.

Sudden, a seraph that before them flew, Pausing upon his wide-unfolded plumes,

Put to his mouth the likeness of a trumpet, And toward the four winds four times

fiercely breathed. Rattling along the arch, the mighty peal

To Heaven resounded, Hell returned a groan,

And shuddering Earth a moment reeled, confounded,

From her fixed pathway as the staggering ship,

Stunn'd by some mountain billow, reels. The isles,

With heaving ocean, rocked: the mountains shook

Their ancient coronets: the avalanche Thundered: silence succeeded through the nations.

Earth never listened to a sound like this. It struck the general pulse of nature still,

And broke, forever, the dull sleep of death.

Now, o'er the mount the radiant legions hang,

Like plumed travellers from climes remote On some sequestered isle about to stoop.

Gently its flow'ry head received the throne,

Cherubs and seraphs, by ten thousands, round

Skirting it far and wide, like a bright sea, Fairforms and faces, crowns and coronets,

And glistening wings furled white and numberless.

About their Lord were those seven glorious spirits

Who in the Almighty's presence stand: Four held

The golden cords, whose fulgent knots appeared

Clusters of sardonyx and emerald, That, by four rings, like those upon the

ark, Sustain'd the throne: One bore the dreadful Books,

The arbiters of life: Another waved The blazing ensign terrible, of yore,

To rebel angels in the wars of Heaven: What seemed a trumpet the other spirit

grasped, Of wondrous size, wreathed multiform

and strange. Illustrious stood the seven, above the rest

Tow'ring, and like a constellation glowing,

What time the sphere-instructed Huntsman, taught

By Atlas, his star studded belt displays Aloft, bright glittering, in the winter sky.

Then on the mount, amidst these glorious shapes,

Who reverent stood, with looks of sacred awe,

I saw EMMANUEL seated on his throne. His robe, methought, was whiter than

the light; Upon his breast the Heavenly Urim

glowed Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings

flashed, No eye could meet the mystic symbol's

blaze. Irradiant the eternal sceptre shone

Which wont to glitter in his Father's hand:

Resplendent in his face the Godhead beamed,

Justice and mercy, majesty and grace, Divinely mingling. Celestial glories

played Around with beamy lustre: from his eye

Dominion looked; upon his brow was stamped

Creative Power. Yet, over all the touch Of gracious pity dwelt, which, erst,

amidst Dissolving nature's anguish breathed a

prayer For guilty man. Redundant down his

neck His locks rolled graceful, as they waved,

of old, Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

His throne of heavenly substance seemed

composed, Whose pearly essence, like the Eastern

shell, Or changeful opal, shed a silvery light.

Clear as the moon it looked through ambient

clouds Of snowy lustre, waving round its base,

That, like a zodiac, thick with emblems set,

Flashed wondrous beams, of unknown character,

From many a burning stone of lustre

rare, Stained like the bow, whose mingling

splendour streamed Confusion bright upon the dazzled eye.

Above him hung a canopy whose skirts

The mount o'ershadowed like an evening

cloud. Clouds were his curtains—not like their

dim types Of blue and purple round the tabernacle,

That waving vision of the lonely wild,  
By pious Israel wrought with cherubims;  
Veiling the mysteries of old renown,  
Table and altar, ark and mercy-seat,  
Where, 'twixt the shadow of cherubic  
wings,  
In lustre visible Jehovah shone.

In honour chief, upon the Lord's right  
hand  
His station Michael held:—the dreadful  
sword

That from a starry baldric hung, pro-  
claimed

The Hierarch. Terrible, on his brow  
Blazed the Archangel crown, and from  
his eye

Thick sparkles flashed. Like regal ban-  
ners, waved

Back from his giant shoulders his broad  
vans,

Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the  
sun,

Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous  
stars,

Or some illumined city seen by night,  
When her wide streets pour noon, and  
echoing through

Her thronging thousands mirth and music  
ring.

Opposed to him, I saw an angel stand  
In sable vesture, with the Books of Life.  
Black was his mantle, and his changeful  
wings

Glossed like the raven's; thoughtful  
seemed his mien,

Sedate and calm, and deep upon his brow  
Had Meditation set her seal: his eyes

Looked things unearthly, thoughts un-  
utterable,

Or uttered only with an angel's tongue.  
Renowned was he among the Seraphim  
For knowledge elevate, and Heavenly  
lore;

Skilled in the mysteries of the Eternal,  
Profoundly skilled in those old records  
where,

From everlasting ages, live God's deeds;  
He knew the hour when yonder shining  
worlds

That roll around us, into being sprang;  
Their system, laws, connexion—all he  
knew

But the dread moment when they cease  
to be.

None judged like him the ways of God to  
man,

Or so had pondered—his excursive  
thoughts

Had visited the depths of Night and  
Chaos,

Gathering the treasures of the hoary  
deep.

The poet proceeds to introduce  
the race of man, and particularly  
describes Ada, Cæsar, Abraham,  
Joseph, Plato and Socrates, Moses,  
the twelve Apostles, Alexander,  
Mary, Nebuchadnezzar, and Wash-  
ington, with his companions in arms.

We shall extract but two of these

portraits, that of Abraham for its  
pleasing simplicity, and that of  
Washington by way of comparison  
with Southey's sketch of the same  
subject in his late poem of "The  
Vision of Judgment."

— for wisdom famous through the  
East,

Abraham rested on his staff; in guise  
A Chaldee shepherd, simple in his rai-  
ment

As when at Mamre in his tent he sat,  
The host of angels. Snow white were  
his locks

And silvery beard that to his girdle rolled.  
Fondly his meek eye dwelt upon his Lord  
Like one, that, after long and troublous  
dreams,

A night of sorrows, dreary, wild and sad,  
Beholds at last the dawn of promised joys.

Next of Washington:

Sage faces, grave and firm, with war-  
worn locks,

Around a venerable sire I saw,  
Whose hoary head, with patriot glory  
crown'd,

Eclips'd the lustre of the diadem.

On their bold brows appeared that settled  
soul

Racks cannot shake, nor fiercest thun-  
derbolts

By tyrant's fulminated; nor for gold, nor  
spoil

Torn from an injured people, not to gloss  
Some monarch's purple with a bloodier  
die,

Their swords were sheathless: in the sa-  
cred cause

Of man's essential, inborn liberties,  
Inherent, deathless as his soul, they drew.  
They were the watchmen by an empire's  
cradle

Whose youthful sinews show like Rome's;  
whose head

Tempestuous rears the ice-incrusted cap  
Sparkling with Polar splendours, while

her skirts  
Catch perfumes from the isles—whose

trident, yet,

Must awe in either ocean; whose strong  
hand

Freedom's immortal banner grasps, and  
waves

Its spangled glories o'er the envying  
world.

The next extract shall be from the  
latter part of the poem, after the  
Judgment, and the lines we are about  
to cite would not discredit the fame  
of any living bard.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps  
Were heard among the angels, touched  
and tuned

As to an evening hymn, preluding soft  
To cherub voices: louder as they swelled  
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser in  
struments,

Mixed with clear silver sounds, till con-  
cord rose

Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;

Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies  
To some worn pilgrim first with glist'ning  
eyes

Greeting his native valley, whence the  
sounds

Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating  
flocks,

The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing  
kine,

The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,  
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed  
bell,

Come, like the echo of his early joys.  
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,  
Responsive still were golden viols heard,  
And Heavenly symphonies stole faintly  
down.

Calm, deep and silent was the tide of joy  
That rolled o'er all the bless'd; visions of  
bliss,

Rapture too mighty swelled their hearts  
to bursting;

Prelude to Heaven it seemed, and in their  
sight

Celestial glories swam. How fared, alas!  
That other band? Sweet to their troubled  
minds

The solemn scene—ah! doubly sweet the  
breeze

Refreshing, and the purple light to eyes  
But newly oped from that benumbing  
sleep

Whose dark and drear abode no cheering  
dream,

No bright-bued vision ever enters, souls  
For ages pent, perhaps, in some dim  
world

Where guilty spectres stalk the twilight  
gloom.

For, like the spirit's last seraphic smile,  
The Earth, anticipating now her tomb,  
To rise, perhaps, as Heaven magnificent,  
Appeared Hesperian: gales of gentlest  
wing

Came fragrance-laden, and such odours  
shed

As Yemen never knew, nor those blest  
isles

In Indian seas where the voluptuous  
breeze

The peaceful native breathes, at even-  
tide,

From nutmeg groves and bowers of cin-  
namon.

How solemn on their ears the choral note  
Swelled of the angel hymn! so late  
escaped

The cold embraces of the grave, whose  
damp

Silence no voice or stringed instrument  
Has ever broke! Yet with the murmur-  
ing breeze

Full sadly chained the music and the song,  
For with them came the memory of joys  
Forever past, the stinging thought of  
what

They once had been, and of their future  
lot.

To their grieved view the passages of  
Earth

Delightful rise, their tender ligaments  
So dear, they heeded not an after state,

Tho' by a fearful Judgment ushered in.  
A bridegroom fond, who lavished all his heart

On his beloved, forgetful of the Man  
Of many sorrows who, for him, resigned  
His meek and spotless spirit on the cross,  
Has marked among the blessed bands,  
arrayed

Celestial in a spring of beauty doomed  
No more to fade, the charmer of his soul,  
Her cheek soft blooming like the dawn  
in Heaven.

He recollects the days when on his smile  
She lived—when, gently leaning on his breast,  
Tears of intense affection dimmed her eyes,

Of dove-like lustre.—Thoughtless, now,  
of him,  
And earthly joys, eternity and Heaven  
Engross her soul.—What more accursed pang

Can Hell indict? With her, in realms of light,  
In never-dying bliss, he might have roll'd  
Eternity away; but now, forever,  
Torn from his bride new-found, with cruel fiends,

Or men like fiends, must waste and weep.  
Now, now,  
He mourns with burning bitter drops his days  
Mispent, probation lost, and Heaven despoised.

Such thoughts from many a bursting heart  
drew forth  
Groans, lamentations, and despairing shrieks  
That on the silent air came from afar.

As, when from some proud capital that crowns  
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze  
Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog  
Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers,

Bright on the eye rush Brahma's temples capped  
With spiry tops, gay-trelliced minarets,  
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnish'd domes,  
Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun,

So from the hill the cloudy curtains roll'd  
And, in the lingering lustre of the eve,  
Again the Saviour and his seraphs shone.  
Emitted sudden in his rising, flashed  
Intenser light, as toward the right hand host

Mild turning with a look ineffable,  
The invitation he proclaimed in accents  
Which on their ravished ears poured  
thrilling like

The silver sound of many trumpets heard  
Afar in sweetest jubilee; then, swift  
Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left  
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice

Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them  
Seemed like the crush of Heaven, pronounced the doom.

The sentence uttered, as with life instinct

The throne arose majestically slow—  
Each angel spread his wings—in one dread swell

Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets  
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,  
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument

Of Heavenly minstrelsy unknown on Earth,  
And angels' voices, and the loud acclaim  
Of all the ransom'd, like a thunder-shout,  
Far through the skies melodious echoes rolled,  
And faint hosannas distant climes returned.

ANALECTA.

*Agriculture of East Florida, from "Sketches historical and topographical of the Floridas, more particularly of East Florida." By James Grant Forbes. Published at New York.*

The Olive Tree has already discovered in this country its propensity to become naturalized to it. Its value is too well known to require eulogium or comment; its fruit in its natural state, possesses an acrid, bitter, and extremely disagreeable taste, which is considerably improved when prepared by an alkaline lessive. The most esteemed are those of Provence, being of a middling size, and preferable to those of Spain. No oil can be compared to that extracted from its fruit. The fragments of the seed fatten poultry; its branches nourish cattle, and its wood is an excellent fuel. This tree is rapidly multiplied by the sprouts that arise from its root; but it cannot bear severe frost. The tree is of a moderate size, generally strait and erect. The bark is smooth when young, but furrowed and scaly when old. The flower-bud consists of one petal; shows itself early; often in April, always in May, and blooms in the end of May and June, according to the climate. The flower rises from the bottom of the leaf, disposed in bunches upon a common peduncle or footstalk; the roots are branching and horizontal, and very long; the bark is of a yellowish brown, with knobs of a lighter colour than other parts of the root. The roots often branch from the tree above the surface of the ground; it is thought that this peculiarity arises from the earth being carried away by accident, as it is only seen on hilly places. The choice of soil is

immaterial for this tree, as it is seen flourishing in rocky, stony, sandy, and volcanic soil. It demands a shelter from the winds of the north, independently of geographical position. It will succeed in any country where the air is of a proper temperature of heat, those trees are found to bear the spray of the sea better than most other sorts. When it is planted in rich moist ground it grows larger, and makes a finer appearance, than when planted in poor land, but the fruit is less esteemed. The chalky ground is esteemed best for it, and the oil which is made from those growing upon that sort of land is much finer, and will keep longer than the other.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review states, that for the purpose of propagating this invaluable plant, the experiment was made of causing a number of turkeys to swallow ripe olives; the dung containing the kernels was collected, and the whole placed in a stratum of earth, and frequently watered. The kernels were found to vegetate, and a number of young plants were produced. In order to produce upon olives an effect similar to that which they experienced from the digestive power of the stomach, a quantity of them was mascerated in an alkaline luvium; they were then sown, and olive plants were produced from them. By the act of digestion the olives were deprived of their natural oil, and the kernels became permeable to the moisture of the earth; and the dung of the birds served for manure.

Cocoa is a native tree of the East and West Indies, frequently growing to the height of sixty or seventy feet in the trunk, in a moist, sandy soil, especially near banks of rivers and the sea coast, where it is propagated by planting ripe and fresh nuts, which come up in six weeks or two months. The plant should not exceed thirty-six inches in size when transplanted. The nurseries of cocoa demand an excellent and well prepared soil, where the water does not remain.

The Coffee Tree is a shrub from twelve to eighteen feet high, and originally a native of Arabia, but is now cultivated in Persia, the East and West Indies, the Spanish Main, and several parts of South America. Its evergreen foliage re-

sembles that of the laurel; and at the base of the leaves, appear twice annually, white fragrant flowers, which are succeeded by a fruit resembling cherries, but of an unpleasant sweetish taste, each containing two kernels or berries. They grow in clusters, and when of a deep red colour are gathered, and carried to a mill to be manufactured into coffee beans.

The soil suitable for coffee is to be found within the tropical lines, excepting land composed of hard and cold clay, or light and sandy ground on a bed of marle. It requires, in preference, a soil new and free, little elevated, where the coolness and the rains moderate the excessive heat of the torrid zone, which would overpower the plant if exposed to all its violence.

The size of the trees is the most certain standard by which to judge of the fertility of the soil. The plantation should not be exposed to the north; this is more necessary, particularly if at a sufficient distance from the sea to be protected from the salt air, which withers the coffee. If it is level, or only in gentle declivities, it should be carefully cleared of the stumps, burning all which the axe cannot reach; the bed of vegetable earth, which is the depository of all the principles of fertility, must be retained.

As coffee grows in the plains of Surinam and Batavia, the lands required for this production may surely be found in the variety of soils afforded in Florida. It requires to be stiff, and so cool in its general tenor, as not to be subject to the scorching heats of the sun; the watery particles of the soil must not be allowed to remain constantly in a state of inundation. A gravelly soil possesses a propitious coolness; even under rocks the roots will find their way in a suitable soil, which is soon discovered by experience. One acre of land, (says Mons. Chazotte,) planted by ranges, and the plants at five feet distant from each other, gives 1764 plants. A man can take care of two acres, which give 3528 plants; each plant may on an average, yield two pounds or more, but I will reduce it to one pound; therefore, a man will give yearly 3528 lbs. of coffee, which at 25 cents per pound, produces 882 dollars. There is no tilling or hoeing; the only la-

bour is to prevent grass from growing between the plants, and the picking up of the fruit, which is the most laborious; otherwise a man could easily take care of five acres of land. It is to be observed, that no crop is to be expected the first and second year; the third year the plant yields a good crop; the fourth an abundant one, which it will continue to yield every year until the ground is exhausted, and the plant dies. For the two first years of the planting, all kinds of vegetables and corn may be planted between the ranges, and will yield two crops in one year. Cotton should not be planted between the ranges. Whenever the climate is not visited by black frost, the land, either dry or wet, will produce coffee.

*The Sugar Cane*, planted in February, sinks in its main root perpendicularly into the ground, and rises from the earth in the beginning of the spring; after having kept it free from weeds, it presents a stalk of seven or eight feet in height, including its leaves. The cane is propagated by itself. When it is cut for the mill, they lop off about one foot from its top for the purpose of planting. The time for planting is according to the order of the seasons when rain may be expected, and the facility of irrigation; for the assistance of water is essential to the germination of the plant. The canes should be planted at different distances, in proportion to the fecundity of the soil; in the poorest land three feet apart, and six feet in the richest. The sugar cane requires a rich soil, and of which the mould is at least one foot in depth. *The cane of Otaheite* ripens in the same season, much sooner than the common cane of the West Indies. It is said, that sugar obtained from the cane of Otaheite contains infinitely less of the essential salt than that yielded by the ancient cane. Three pounds of the former scarcely sweetens as much as two of the latter.

The rich lands of clay bottom, calculated for sugar, will become more valuable, as the cane proves luxuriant in those parts of the territory which have been neglected, or which have not yielded to experience.

The sugar cane is not liable to

the diseases of indigo, nor like cotton, to be devoured by insects.

If it is determined absolutely to force nature by establishing on marshy ground a sugar plantation, which will cost immense labour before it becomes productive, prudence and interest requires that the ground should be previously drained. If the want of a declivity forms an insuperable obstacle, one expedient remains, more tedious yet still more advantageous to the land: Let the rain water be drawn from all parts, and collected upon the soil intended to be drained; having deposited the earthly particles with which it was charged, and become clear, it should be released by opening the sluices; this operation should be repeated according as the rains permit.

This process unites the double advantage of elevating the soil, and of producing a bed of vegetable earth, from which it derives peculiar fecundity. This kind of land is always too vigorous for the sugar cane. The plant acquires an astonishing increase, but is so watery that the most skilful refiner is unable to obtain sugar from it. This defect is corrected by planting the ground with rice for two successive years.

The planting of rice has the singular and double advantage of elevating the land by the stocks it leaves, and of subduing it by drawing off the subtle juices. When the rice ceases to be productive, the sugar cane replaces it very advantageously. This method of correcting marshy grounds, through the assistance of rain water, is doubly serviceable to the lands in the neighbourhood of the sea, because it frees them at the same time from those saline particles which are unfriendly to vegetation.

On each weeding attention should be given to cover the young plant with a part of the earth left on the edges of each hole at the time of planting. It ripens according to the season it experiences: rains retard, drought accelerates its maturity. Much depends also on the nature of the soil. When the cane assumes a yellow colour, it is an infallible sign of the good quality of the sugar it contains. It is not thus with the canes of marshy lands and hollows or bottoms; they retain the

green colour whatever may be their age, and thus announce to the refiner the difficulty he will experience in obtaining the sugar. The distance of the joints furnishes also a certain criterion to determine the quality of the cane: in proportion as they are nearer to each other, the plant is inferior. It is of importance in the manufacture of sugar to take the cane at the true point of its maturity. Before this period it will yield much water, and but lit le sugar.

### LIFE OF JOACHIM MURAT.

(Continued from page 344.)

From this moment his politics became vacillating and uncertain; and he treated with Austria, or intrigued with Bonaparte, precisely as the power of either became preponderant. He not only opened all his ports to British vessels, but kept up a constant, yet secret intercourse with the allied courts.

At length the new monarch threw off the mask, and in consequence of a treaty concluded with the court of Vienna, on the 11th of January, 1814, actually obliged the French army to fall back on the Adige. Yet still his conduct seemed indecisive, and his intentions ambiguous; for both varied in exact conformity to the good or bad fortune of the French emperor. At length, Louis XVIII. having been seated on the throne of his ancestors, king Joachim withdrew his troops; yet he did not march them, as was expected, into the Neapolitan territories, but into that portion of the papal possessions, which had been assigned him by the terms of the late negotiation.

However, as the emperor of Austria now refused to guarantee these acquisitions; and as Joachim clearly perceived that he had become odious to the allies, he conceived the extraordinary project of revolutionising all Italy. Accordingly, at the very period when Bonaparte left Elba, and with an unexampled degree of good fortune, arrived at Paris, without firing a single musket, he sent a body of troops into the March of Ancona, and at the same time dispatched the count de Beaufremont into France, with assurances of succour and support.

A vain attempt to effect a general insurrection throughout Italy

was followed by many popular acts on the part of the new government. Instead of levying imposts on his subjects, as is usual with most other sovereigns in time of war, the king of Naples actually diminished all the taxes full one-third; and, at the same time, increased the number of his troops by all possible means. After assisting in person at two extraordinary councils, he announced to his army "that the time had arrived to accomplish the high designs it was destined to fulfil;" and then named the queen regent. Immediately after this, he sent two divisions of troops, into the papal territories, by means of which he occupied the marches of Benevento and Ponte Corvo; while Pius VII. and his whole court instantly fled, first to Florence, and then to Genoa. Murat next commenced hostilities against the Austrians, by an attack on Casena, which he captured: and on the 29th of March, 1813, he entered Rimini, where he published a proclamation, by which he invited all the people to rise in arms; and at the same time declared Italy independent! Immediately after this, the Neapolitan army, consisting of about fifty thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry, under the immediate command of the king, assisted by the generals Ambrosio, Lecchi, Carascosa, Cerchiara, Liverron, and Pignatelli, advanced on Placentia. This body of troops was directed against Bologna, Reggio, and Ferrara; and on entering the first of these, a declaration was published in the name of "Joachim, the Italian Protector of Letters." Two columns were at the same time dispatched against Florence, whether they arrived on the seventh of April, while a petty victory gained by Murat opened the gates of Modena to the invaders.

As these successes tended not a little to favour the cause of Bonaparte, who had now rendered himself master of the capital of France, the English declared war against Naples; and the Austrians having rallied and assumed an offensive attitude, the situation of Murat from this moment began to appear critical and ominous. Accordingly, Florence was abandoned, Casena evacuated, &c. An ineffectual attempt was made nearly at the same time to obtain a cessation of arms;

while an alarming insurrection actually took place at Naples, on the part of the *Lazzaroni*, who unanimously exclaimed "*Morte a Joachim!*" This singular man, having been wounded during a sudden attack on Pesaro, was at length obliged to retire on Ancona, while the loss of the battle of Tolentino, in the beginning of May, completed his overthrow.

On the king's approach, almost unattended, to his capital, whence he had so lately issued forth, at the head of a numerous and brilliant army, it appears that he was not wholly abandoned, as had been supposed, by his people. General Macdonald, minister at war, marched forth to meet him, and the scanty remnant of his troops, at the head of ten thousand of the national guards, "They greeted his return," says one of his aids-de-camp, "in the most loyal and affectionate manner, exhorting him still to hope for success from the love and devotedness of his subjects; swearing at the same time, they were all ready to perish in defence of their king and country; but in consequence of the part England had taken against him, he declined making any further efforts, which," he said, "would only tend to involve the brave and loyal in his own catastrophe."

Having entered Naples *incognito*; during the evening of the 19th of May, accompanied by his nephew, who was colonel of the 9th regiment, and only four privates; he immediately proceeded to the palace, where he appeared before the queen, pale and emaciated, in the uniform of a lancer. Tenderly embracing her, he said, "All is lost Madam, but my life; that I have not been able to lose."\*

Having taken an affectionate leave of his consort, who, as regent, had been obliged to enter into a capitulation with an English admi-

\* "During the retreat, the king was ever seen where the danger was greatest. Foremost in the ranks he continually charged the Austrians in person. When his affairs grew desperate, it became evident that he sought for death in the field. At the head of a few of his cavalry, whom he constantly preceded, he often attacked the enemy, at their very cannons' mouth. How he escaped amidst so many dangers appears miraculous. He might well say, that "he had sought death, but had not been able to find it."

ral, (lord Exmouth, he caused his hair, which he had hitherto worn in long ringlets, to be cut short. He then dressed himself in a plain gray suit of clothes, after which, accompanied once more by his nephew, he proceeded on foot to the seashore, opposite to Nisida. Like Xerxes flying from Greece, this singular man, so lately in possession of a numerous fleet, was now forced to embark in a little skiff, for the neighbouring isle of Ischia.

There his majesty had the good fortune to remain during three whole days without being known; and on the fourth, as he was walking on the sea-shore in company with his relative, the colonel of lancers, ruminating no doubt on his miserable and abandoned situation, they discovered a small vessel approaching the spot where they were standing.

Having first hailed her, Murat contrived to get on board by means of a fishing boat; and, to his great joy and astonishment, was instantly saluted by the duke of Roccormana, his own master of the horse!

The brigantine actually belonged to this nobleman, who in company with the marquis Guiliano, one of the royal aides-de camp, had escaped from Naples, and was now proceeding in search of Joachim. They had parted but a few days before, on which occasion his *ci devant* majesty had divided with them a considerable sum in gold, and acquainted them, at the same time, with his intention of repairing to Ischia, for the purpose of obtaining a passage to France, where Napoleon once more reigned: and this, indeed, was the only country in Europe where he was likely to enjoy an asylum. As the flag of king Ferdinand was now flying near the very spot where they then were, it was determined to depart instantly. They accordingly set sail, and after a prosperous voyage, landed at Cannes, a small port in the Mediterranean, in the department of the Var, situate between Frejus and Antilles, on the 28th of May, 1815.

Immediately on their arrival, Murat addressed a letter to Fouché, then the confidential minister of the emperor Napoleon, as he was afterwards, for a time, of Louis XVIII. Bonaparte, who was acquainted with all his negotiations with his enemies, and fully aware, at the same

time, that he was odious to the army, in consequence of his conduct during the Italian campaign in 1814, which, by uncovering France on that frontier, had invited the invasion of the allies, would not permit the royal fugitive to approach nearer to the capital. The duke of Otranto, however, stated "that he might still be of essential service to his country in the spot where he then was, by animating the troops and inhabitants to the noble assertion of their rights, and to a vigorous resistance to the attempt made on the part of the allies, to force a government upon them."

It is no less singular than true, that Joachim was at that very moment extremely solicitous to obtain permission to retire to England; and, for this purpose, had expressly authorised M. de Coussy, his private secretary, and the chevalier Macerone, a Roman by descent, but a subject of Great Britain by birth, to enter into a negotiation for that purpose. But the brilliant victory at Waterloo not only suspended all proceedings of this kind, but soon after endangered the very existence of the ex-monarch of Naples. Mr. Macerone, however, soon after this event, found means to open a communication with lord Castlereagh, through the medium of Sir Charles Stuart, the English minister at Paris, for the purpose of supplicating an asylum for Joachim. His royal highness the prince regent, having been consulted on this subject, the answer was briefly as follows: "That in consequence of existing circumstances, the request of marshal Murat, (for so he was now termed,) could not be complied with."

This unfortunate personage immediately perceived the necessity of leaving the south of France, which, by this time, had become a scene of terror, and a theatre of blood. He then determined on the rash measure of repairing *incognito* to Havre de Grace, for the purpose of claiming in person the protection of England and the allies. He accordingly went in disguise to Toulon, and freighted a vessel in that port, in which the duke of Roccormana and colonel Bonafoux, together with all the royal baggage and attendants, actually embarked.

Meanwhile his aid de-camp, Mr.

Macerone, had entered into a negotiation with the prince de Metternich, in consequence of which an asylum was offered to the royal fugitive, provided he and his consort should assume the title of count and countess di Lipona.

But, on the restoration of Louis XVIII., Joachim fled to Corsica, where he was received and entertained by a native of the name of Colonna, who possessed great influence, with an uncommon degree of hospitality. Of the immense wealth, or rather *booty*, once possessed by Joachim, he had only carried 4000 napoleons from Naples, most of which, as has been already stated, had been distributed among his attendants. His sole riches now consisted of two epaulets and a hat-band, both richly set with brilliants, and estimated at 10,000*l.*; which were the only portable articles of any value he could collect, during the hurry of his departure from the palace.

By the sale of these, however, he collected a few discontented officers, and assembled a small body of troops, many of whom had before served under his banners. He also hired a few small vessels for their conveyance to his former dominions, and doubtless thought that he could re-enter Naples with the same facility that Bonaparte had so recently marched to Paris!

Accordingly, with a devoted band of about 300 followers, Murat embarked on board his *flotilla*, without receiving any obstruction from a neighbouring fort, that commanded the port, although the white flag was actually waving from its battlements.

They steered directly for Salerno; but the transports having been scattered by a storm, the ex-king next morning found himself at the entrance of the Gulf of Euphemia, entirely separated from the rest of the little squadron. His own felucca contained only thirty-one persons; but they were all veteran officers, among whom was general Franshett. This little train, with their leader, who was on that occasion habited in a splendid uniform, landed within half a mile of the town of Pizzo. Joachim was soon recognised by a few soldiers, who were employed in guarding the coast, and these, placing their "shakos" on their bayonets, saluted him

with enthusiasm. On arriving at the market-place, many of the inhabitants also hailed, and even prepared to join him, while the rest wisely manifested a certain degree of hesitation and suspense.

Having been supplied, however, with a sufficient number of horses, this forlorn band proceeded towards Monteleone. But the adventurers had no sooner quitted this place, the greater part of which, together with its dependencies, belong to a Spanish grandee (the duke del Infantado,) than the agents of that nobleman instantly appealed to the fears of the people, and demanded "whether they were not aware of the dreadful punishment that awaited them, for not having opposed the progress of the invaders?" After this, he prevailed upon several to take up arms, and place themselves under his command.

As Murat was proceeding on his march, he fell in with a colonel of gens d'armes, called Trentacapelli, whom he invited to join his standard; but, after surveying his scanty train of followers, this officer very significantly observed, "That he would regard him as his sovereign, whose flag he should behold flying on the castle of Monteleone."

(*To be concluded.*)

#### AGRICULTURE.

[From the Edinburgh Farmer's Magazine.]

#### ON THE FORM AND FLESH OF THE IMPROVED BREED OF CATTLE.

From Remarks on the Improvement of Cattle, &c. in a Letter to Sir John Saunders Sebright, Bart. M. P. By Mr. John Wilkinson, of Lenton, near Nottingham.

'As to the leading properties which may constitute the excellence of any breed, or of any particular family belonging to that breed, I shall next inquire.

'And first, with respect to form; in which case I shall give, what I conceive to be the most important points for the true symmetry of neat cattle in general. These are as follows:

'The head ought to be rather long, and muzzle fine; the countenance calm and placid, which indicates a disposition to get fat; the horn fine; the neck light, particularly where it joins the head; the breast wide and projecting well before the legs; the shoulders moderately broad

at the top, and the points well in; and when the animal is in good condition, the chine so full as to leave no hollow behind them; the fore flank\* well filled up, and the girth behind the shoulders deep; the back straight, wide, and flat; the ribs broad, and the space between them and the hips small; the flank full and heavy; the belly well kept in, and not sinking low in the middle;†—the whole forming, not a round or barrel-like carcass, as some have expressed it, for this would leave a deficiency both in the upper and lower part of the ribs; the hips globular, wide across, and on a level with the back itself; the hind quarters, that is, from the hips to the extremity of the rump, long and straight; the rump points fat, and coming well up to the tail; the twist wide, and the seam in the middle of it so well filled, that the whole may very nearly form a plane, perpendicular to the line of the back; the lower part of the thigh small; the tail broad and fat towards the top, but the lower part thin; the legs straight, clean, and fined-boned; and when the animal is in high condition, the skin of a rich and silky appearance.

'These appear to be the most material points for the formation of true symmetry in cattle; there are others of a minor consideration, which will readily be suggested by attention and experience: but I did not think it necessary to mention them here.

'Many of the most important of the foregoing properties, may be expressed in the following stanzas, as descriptive of a beautiful cow: and since verse is frequently found to assist the memory, I have therefore inserted them thus—

'She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,  
She'll quickly get fat, without cake or corn;

\* The fore flank is the lower part of the side immediately behind the fore legs.

† Perhaps the nearest description that can be given of the carcass, would be to say, that a section of it, (made by a plane passing through its middle in a direction perpendicular to the line of the back), ought nearly to resemble an oval, whose two ends are of the same width, and whose form approaches to that of a circle; or (to those who understand the nature of the figure) an ellipse, whose eccentricity is not great.

She's clear in her jaws, and full in her chine,  
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,  
A straight and flat back, with never a hump;

She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,

She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck, and small\* in her tail,

She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;

She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,  
She's a Grazier's without, and a Butcher's within.

'Should any difficulty still remain in forming a clear conception of the points described, I think in such a case I may very safely recommend a print which I published a short time ago, and that, too, without vanity—as it reflects far more credit on the artist than on myself. In such a recommendation, moreover, I feel the greater confidence, both because I was requested to publish it by many of the first agriculturists in the kingdom, and, since published, it has met with their highest approbation. This print consists of a group of five animals, so arranged as to show the just proportion and proper symmetry of every essential part. The portraits were taken from the most perfect animals in my possession; and the engraving, which is in a style far superior to that in which cattle are generally executed, was finished with the greatest care. And if I am correct in my description for the proper formation of cattle, and the portraits in the above mentioned print be also good, I think he who carefully compares the portraits with the description itself, cannot long fail of being, at least a very tolerable judge. For any one reading the description of a particular part, as, for example, of the breast, he will there find that it ought to be wide, and to project well before the legs; and, on turning to the print, he will immediately see this projection shown in the side-view of the bull, and the width in the heifer which faces him: and so on with respect to every other part.

\* This epithet alludes to the lower part of the tail only; the higher part ought to be broad, according to the former description.

For as each animal is placed in a different position from the rest, there is no important point which is not fully presented to the view.

In the description which I have given for the formation of cattle, I have said that the carcass ought not to be round or to approximate to the form of a barrel, as some have described it; and have offered a sufficient reason why this should not be the case. Whoever indeed takes such a form for his model, would quickly be told by a judge, that the animal was not deep enough in its sides. I have, moreover, described the countenance as calm and placid, instead of speaking of the boldness of the eye; the reason of which will easily be discovered by a person of your singular penetration. For the boldness of the eye is frequently caused by a restless or vicious disposition; but a quiet and a docile look denotes evenness of temper, so essential to quick feeding. And we have only to consider the nature of animals in general, to perceive that this quiet disposition which I have been describing in cattle, and which in man might be termed indolence, has a strong tendency to make the eye appear small, rather than bold and large. Let any one, for instance, observe another whose mind is at rest from attention to outward objects; the muscles of the eyelids relax, and the lids themselves come closer together; in which case, the eye necessarily assumes a smaller appearance; and the contrary takes place when our attention is again excited. I must remark, however, that an animal which possesses naturally every essential for quick feeding, and whose countenance indicates that disposition by the mildest appearance, may have this appearance altered by ill treatment or other accidental circumstances. I observed that the lower or bony part of the tail ought to be thin, but the upper part broad. The tail has too often been designated by the former appellation only, which is incorrect in the description of a good animal. For, on the upper part of the tail of one that is in tolerable condition, there ought to be a considerable quantity of fat; but as the lower part consists chiefly of bone, it ought to be thin; and will always be so, when the animal itself is a small-

boned one. Perhaps some may think, that the two latter observations, namely, with respect to the countenance and the tail, are but of little consequence; since, however, these signs generally accompany a good animal, they ought not to be passed over; the latter is an invariable attendant, and the former naturally so; but may sometimes be altered by adventitious circumstances, as has already been observed. It is one thing to be able merely to distinguish in the gross between a good and bad animal; but another and a far more difficult one, to be able to point out every defect, however trifling, and to discover every excellence. And yet no man can arrive at any degree of perfection in the art of breeding, without making this latter kind of knowledge his chief aim and most ardent study.

Some breeders have asserted, among whom was Mr. Bakewell himself, that a disposition to get fat was *necessarily combined* with a shape similar to that I have been describing. The truth of this may very justly be questioned; and the examples so well chosen by yourself, prove that the above mentioned properties are not even *invariably* found together. Had they said with you, sir, that "this particular formation *generally indicates* a disposition to get fat," they would have been borne out in their assertion by the fact itself: for it must be observed, that it is one thing to say that two qualities are *necessarily combined* in the same subject; and another to say, that they are *invariably found together*. And if this latter term would have been too strong for the occasion, (and that it would, we have already seen;) how much rather ought the former to be rejected? It is frequently no easy matter, indeed, to determine whether two qualities are *necessarily combined*; nor, in the question before us, is it at all necessary. For, if quickness of feeding generally accompanies this peculiarity of shape (and that it does, it can never be denied,) that alone would surely be a sufficient reason for a preference to this form; to say nothing of its other and great advantages with respect to the weight of the animal, the laying on of the flesh in the prime parts, &c.

&c. Perhaps these gentlemen had no design to mislead us, but were not sufficiently careful in the choice of their language. It is material, however, that we should not only have clear ideas ourselves, but also that we should convey them to others in the most explicit terms. And in treating on any subject, we ought always to state things as they are actually found to be, and not as we might wish them. One satisfactory reason, I think, we may easily discover, why the best feeders are most frequently found amongst those animals, that at the same time possess the best shapes. For without making the former a necessary consequence of the latter, those breeders that had skill enough to select cattle of the most perfect symmetry, would also have skill enough to select out of these the best fleshed ones. For my own part, I would not keep an animal that had a bad quality of flesh, if the form were perfection itself. The observation which Dr. Jenner made to you, "that no animal whose chest was narrow could easily be made fat," is a fact borne out by almost universal experience; and I believe is satisfactorily accounted for on natural principles. For the chest being too narrow, there is a want of sufficient room for the proper action of the internal organs.

The form that I have already described, is not only the best for affording the greatest weight to the animal; but the flesh is also chiefly laid on, in what is usually called, the prime parts.

I have just had occasion to speak of goodness of flesh; but how to describe this quality in any thing like adequate terms, is a thing extremely difficult. Some persons of great experience, would very rarely be wrong, judging by the sight only. But the best method of discovering it, is by the touch; and it has a richness, a mellowness in the feel.

Here it may be very necessary to caution the inexperienced against a certain description of animals, usually called light-fleshed ones; and of these, there are two many in the hands of some breeders, not altogether destitute of eminence. The objection to such, is not on account of the quality of the flesh as regards richness, but the deficiency of its quantity when the animal is

in a lean state. I have known such highly approved by some, when shown to them alive and made very fat; but this has certainly been for want of better judgment: and had the same persons been able to distinguish between fat and lean, they must have drawn a very different conclusion. This kind is profitable, neither to the grazier, nor yet to the consumer. They are not profitable to the grazier; because, in the first place, they are naturally tender; and moreover, they carry so small a quantity of flesh in their lean state, that they have much to do, when put to feeding, before they come to any tolerable weight. Neither are they profitable to the consumer; for fat without lean, is of no other use, than to be wasted in the kitchen. Whenever they are found in the hands of a breeder, it is generally in the hands of such as are in the habit of keeping their stock remarkably high; and when they are sold, and fairly kept as store stock, they bring a considerable loss to the purchaser, and disgrace on the original possessor. It is to be hoped indeed, that this kind of animal will soon be exploded in neat cattle, as it has been long ago in the new Leicester sheep. Of this we may be assured, whenever a stock is generally known to be of this description, the breeder himself will soon fall into disrepute.

‘There is another kind which carry plenty of lean flesh, but of a bad quality. These are invariably slow feeders; and may always be discovered by the touch, the flesh being naturally hard. Some of these are so bad, that, when put to the best keeping, and continued at it ever so long, they will scarcely have a stone weight of fat, either within or without.

‘The perfection of breeding as far as flesh is concerned, is a great quantity of rich lean flesh in the first instance, which when the animal is well kept, will soon be covered with a proper proportion of fat. And such not only take a shorter time in preparing for the stall than any other, but their beef will also sell for more a pound; being of the very first quality, and the kind that is eagerly sought after for the tables of our nobility and gentry. It is not here meant that this kind can never be made too

fat; they may be very much so; this however, can always be prevented by the time allowed for feeding.

‘In a word; it is not the animal which has scarcely any flesh, when at store keeping, and which, when fed, will consist almost of fat alone, which is the most profitable either to the grazier, or yet to the consumer: nor is it the animal, whose flesh is ever so abundant, if hard and bad, and incapable of having its proper quantity of fat; but it is *that* which, when at store pasturage only, carries a great quantity of rich lean flesh; and which, by good keeping, may be made as fat as we please. And of these three sorts of animals, I think the first nearly as unprofitable as the second, notwithstanding the injudicious praise they sometimes meet with.

*Rouge et Noir, in six Cantos: Versailles, and other Poems.* London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 215.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

The gently satirical production which constitutes the principle portion of this volume, leads us through the most noted gaming haunts of Paris; and while it interests by its observation of scenes, not (thank heaven!) too familiar to British minds, and amuses by its sparkling turns of epigram and humour, fails not to fulfil the much higher duty of drawing sound moral instruction from the matter of its subject. Indeed, though our extracts must display some playfulness and brilliancy, it does not appear to us that the *forte* of the author lies in that direction. He writes judiciously and elegantly in every style; but it is “sensible to feeling,” that the tender, the beautiful, and the pathetic, are the elements in which his muse is most native. It is true that his theme, though moulded into the ottava verse, did not admit of the delicious recondite pleasantry of Whistlecraft Frere, nor of the warm voluptuousness of Don Juan Byron; on the contrary, it had an inherent tendency to the sombre and tragical: but the measure, is in our opinion, as well adapted for deep expression as for gay revelry; and even apart from the propensity of his topic towards gloomy speculation, the writer’s own poetical disposition is evidently more congenial to the sympathies of nature than to the

cutting bitterness of satire, or witty buffoonery of burlesque.

The cantos of *Rouge et Noir* are addressed to *The Game, The Palais Royal, Frescati, The Salon; The Sharper, and The Guillotine*; the latter rather disconnected from its five brethren, which might easily have been avoided by making desperate Play the cause of the catastrophe, which it so affectingly paints.

The poem sets out with a comparison between Truth and Champagne, and then pounces at once on the game of Rouge et Noir, of which

‘Tis said when any told Napoleon  
That such, or such a man, had talents, or  
Whose depth of head might be depended

on  
In mathematics, diplomacy, war,  
On any thing, in short in which he shone;  
He answered—“*Can he win at Rouge et Noir?*”

His keen eye finishing the phrase: “if so,  
He does what no one else can do, you know.”

The table, and method of playing, are next described.

The board is like a billiard table,  
Excluding cushions, side and centre  
pockets,  
Round which as many crush as well are  
able,  
With eyes like candles winking in their  
sockets,  
And talking, like the gentlemen of Babel,  
In various dialects—as for their talk, it’s  
Not quite so loud, because they must not  
clamour  
Like those old worthies learning their  
new grammar.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And, right across the centre of the table,  
‘Tween these supposed divisions, is a  
space  
Devoted to the *dealers* (rather sable,  
Because some black morocco sheets the  
place,  
And nothing short of leather would be  
able  
To stand the wear and tear in any case:  
*There shines the banque!* but cease, ye  
Jasons, cease—  
They’re fleec’d themselves who seek that  
golden fleece!

Mid glittering heaps of loose uncounted  
gold,  
Are ranged enough of packed *rouleaux*,  
*en masse*,  
To bribe a borough; *mille franc* notes, I  
am bold  
To say would stuff a patent camp mat-  
trass;  
*Naps, Louis, and Joachims*, you behold;  
(For any head, on honest coin, will pass,)  
With rows of silver which you scarce  
could span—

"That pale and common drudge 'tween  
man and man."

Four grave conductors at the board pre-  
side,

Who take their seats in couples, *vis à-vis*;  
Untouched, untroubled, whatso'er be-  
tide—

And many a sight of agony they see!  
One deals the cards; the others are em-  
ployed

To pay or pocket as the case may be;  
Each brandishing a *rake*, which looks  
quite funny—

Excepting when it claws away one's  
money.

This pursuit has its chief seat in  
the Palais Royal, where there are  
houses eternally open to all comers  
who have a franc in their pocket to  
stake; and from the episodaical ac-  
count of which we transcribe a sam-  
ple:—

It is the heart of Paris, and impels  
Warm poison thro' her wanton arteries;  
The honeycomb of vice, whose thousand  
cells

Peel fourth the buzzing multitude one  
sees—

Loose trowser'd beaux, and looser mor-  
al'd belles;

With ancient quizzes underneath the  
trees

Reading the daily journals, or conversing;  
And, here and there, a black-eyed *Gris-  
sette* nursing.

Here new-come English ladies flock to  
stare

At all the wonders with their sleepy faces:  
I'm often led to think, I do declare,  
The ugliest come, on purpose to disgrace  
us:

Their clothes toss'd on with pitch-forks,  
as it were;

And *marching* more like grenadiers than  
graces;

Whilst Paris dames, who don't approve  
their fashion,

Survey them with satirical compassion.  
But, now and then, a form goes gliding  
by

Such as might hover round a poet's  
dream;

The cheek of rose, the large, the laugh-  
ing eye,

As blue as heaven—heaven in its beam!  
Lips that were made to smile, and make  
us sigh—

And limbs—but *these* might lead me from  
my theme:

In short, near such the French look  
sometimes sooty,

And Britain is again my land of beauty!

And, tho' our countrymen dress well in  
general,

Some naturally lead us to suppose  
(With faces that would compliment a fu-  
neral)

They come to Paris to wear out old  
clothes;

The natives might be led to think our  
men are all

As shabby as themselves, to judge by  
those,

Some sport outrageous fashions out of  
date—

"Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait."

But Stultz sometimes exports a dandy  
over—

Or, in more modern phrase, an *exquisite*.  
(Being delicate they always cross by  
Dover)

To show us exiles how a coat should fit.  
Now don't mistake, or think I mean to  
cover

This *cast* with ridicule—O, far from it!  
I'm told they're lady-like and harmless

creatures,  
With something of hermaphroditic fea-  
tures.

I like to look at them! the cheek of cream,  
Too soft for love, or wine, or war, or  
mirth, to

Disturb into expression: eyes whose  
beam

Is delicate as wax-light: voice for earth  
too

Dulcet by half: such beings as, 'twould  
seem,

A maiden lady might have given birth to,  
Without once erring from her frigid *stra-  
da*,

Or flirting with a soul except her shadow.

You'll know one by its stays, screw  
spurs, perhaps

A lewd-sketch'd box that music, and not  
snuff, fills—

To show the diamond-finger off that taps:  
Its pony chest bulged out with vests and  
ruffles,

As if 'twere furnished, like the sphinx,  
with paps—

But still more like a turkey stuff'd with  
truffles.

Pshaw! 'stead of heaving sail thus rigg'd  
to roam,

I wish those apes in stays would *stay* at  
home,

This sprightly prelude is cleverly  
contrasted with the internal view of  
one of the gambling shops

Nay, desperate Want itself comes here  
to game,

Altho' the turning of a card may be  
As death: look on him! woman's grief  
were tame

Beside that speechless stare of agony.  
The vilest passions which the heart in-  
flame

Run riot in their brute ferocity;  
And joy and anguish wear the ruffian die,

With all to wound the ear, and shock  
the eye.

And oft, a looker on the scene alone,  
(For, tho' you smile in doubt, 'tis not  
less true.)

My heart hath quailed to hear that hor-  
rid tone,

Half sigh,—half sob—the deep-breath'd  
"Sacre Dieu!"

Burst from a luckless wretch with eye  
of stone,

Convulsive cheek, and lip of death's own  
hue;

Throbb'd as he broke away, to madness  
wrought,

Perhaps—but fancy shudders at the  
thought!

Yet whoso visited the *Morgue* next morn  
Had found, it might be, from the Seine's  
dull tide

Already dragged, a sight that well might  
warn—

Stretched on his back the ghastly suicide!  
His eye unclosed; his garments, stained  
and torn,

Hung from the drear and dripping wall,  
to guide

Some idle glance; perhaps, to fix upon  
The cold stark features of a sire or son:

The third canto treats of *Frescati*,  
a higher place of vicious resort, if any  
place where vice so entirely resorts  
can be called *high* in any of its de-  
grees; but we pass its detailed group-  
ings; to quote the concluding re-  
flections, and coup d'œil.

The camp may have its fame, the court  
its glare,

The theatre its wit, the board its mirth:  
But there's a calm, a quiet haven, where  
*B'iss* flies for shelter—the domestic  
hearth!

If this be comfortless, if this be drear,  
It need not hope to find a haunt on earth:

Elsewhere we may be reckless, gay,  
carressed—

But here, and only here, we can be *blest*!  
O, senseless, soulless, worse than both,  
were he

Who, slighting all the heart should hoard  
with pride,

Could waste his nights in losel revelry,  
And leave his bosom's partner to abide

The anguish women feel who love, and  
see

Themselves deserted, and their hopes de-  
stroyed:

Some doating one, perhaps, who hides  
her tears;

And struggles at a smile when he ap-  
pears!

Enough! *Frescati* is my subject now;  
And many pass their nights beneath its  
dome

Who leave none such to sorrow o'er the  
vow

That binds them to a libertine; but roam  
Because (and 'tis some cause we must  
allow)

Altho' they have a *house* they've not a  
*home*;

Exchanging frowns and yawns—connu-  
bial blisses!

For music, feasting, dancing, smiles, and  
kisses.

So, what with gaming, taking ice, and  
biling,

Discussions on the *charter* or a feather,

Lounging on sofas, waitzing and quadrilling,  
With casual observations on the weather;  
"The winter here I think is vastly chilling!"—

Poles, Turks, and Persians—all the world together,—  
They keep it gaily up, the pillow scorn-  
ing,

At least till six or seven in the morning.

The *Salon* is however the most elevated sphere of fashionable dissipation. 'Tis midnight, says our author—

—just the hour to introduce you  
Into the loftier sphere of the *Salon*:  
You may see thousands lost, and, as you  
chuse, you

Can play at *Rouge et Noir* or *shake the bone*:

But don't suppose you inexperienced  
goose you!

That *any one* can stumble in alone—  
You must be here presented quite in  
state, sir—

Heaven bless your soul—a marquis is  
head waiter!

These rooms with counts and *exquisites*  
o'erflow,

Whose lofty glances really go thro' you:  
And 'tis more reputable much to go

"The road to ruin" with a lord or two,  
you

Of course feel sensible—peers! mar-  
shalls! so

They make it quite a compliment to do  
you;

And give, beside, to prove they can't be  
winners,

Flash suppers every night, and weekly  
dinners.

The remarks on female beauty at  
the gaming table, and also the general  
remarks with which this part  
finishes, are very forcible.

Oh! how it pains to witness beauty's  
bloom

Distort and flushed by unsuccessful play;  
To hear the dice-box in the drawing  
room,

Or some vile dealer whine "*le jeu est fait*;  
A scene, that wit and women should il-  
lume,

The nest of black legs and depravity!  
Opinion, rank, respect, no longer prized;

And every loftier impulse sacrificed.  
Forefend I were so vicious, or so vain,

Tho' but a sorry sort of scribe, as to  
Court popularity by giving pain;

Or drag forth private vice to public view  
From motives other than I dare maintain:

No, none can more despise the slaves  
who do!

But as the farrier treats a foundered  
horse,

I deal with this disease without remorse.  
Accursed Game! thy blight is every  
where,

Thy lawless fingers pilfer every purse;  
The swart mechanic and the pompous  
peer

Endure alike the pressure of thy curse;  
When hopeless ruin hath dissolved thy  
snare,

The pistol and the bowl are things of  
course;

And few can from thy griping fangs de-  
part

Without a blighted name, or broken  
heart.

Accursed Game! thou wringest the bit-  
ter drop

From gentle eyes that never saw thee  
played;

And oft the stinted meal, the empty cup,  
Mock hungry hearts thy ravin waste  
bath made:

O, how can he who wrought such wrong  
look up

Where want must weep, yet means not  
to upbraid?

'The heart, methinks, might bid farewell  
to bliss—

Beg, labour, starve—bear any thing but  
this!

Accursed Game! thou'st waked the wid-  
ow's shriek,

Bereft the helpless orphan of its shield,  
Made tears of anguish wet the furrowed  
cheek,

And victims rush to judgment unan-  
nealed:

By fascination, like the rattle-snake,  
Thou leav'st thy prey no power but to  
yield:

Fear, falsehood, want, disgrace, despair,  
and death,

Attest thy sway—by Jove, I'm out of  
breath!

The fifth canto, under the title of  
*The Sharper*, draws an infamous

portrait of one who called himself a  
captain in the British navy, and  
boasted of the name and alliance of  
some of the best blood in England:

We shall not, however, attempt to  
detach any of the features from the  
disgusting likeness; but pass on to  
the last division, *The Guillotine*:

and even from that (as we mean to  
quote some of the minor pieces) se-  
lect only the narrated consequence  
of becoming involved in debt among  
foreigners. The author warns his  
countrymen to avoid Paris.

Avoid it! if for nothing but to shun  
'This all-involving snake, this *Rouge et*  
*Noir*,

Which, fell as those that folded Laocoon,  
Strangles the firmest resolution; for

I can't just now recall a single one  
Who had the means to play, and did not;

nor

Five who escaped its gripe before they  
knew

The odds 'twixt *sans souci* and *sans six*  
*sous*.

For if you play (remember I have said it)  
It follows that you lose; and, when you  
lose,

You'll very probably be wanting credit,  
Which strangers will, as probably, re-  
fuse:

Beside the French, no doubt you've  
heard or read it,

Are ten times worse to deal with than  
*the Jews*;

And, if they trust, you'll find it to your  
sorrow,

They won't put up with—"Call again to-  
morrow."

As if this paying debts were still the  
fashion—

Nor once reflecting that you had not come  
(A circumstance which puts one in a  
passion)

To do the thing you never did at home!  
'Tis devilish hard, indeed, that one can't  
dash on

As one should like, without the dread of  
some

Low fellow who would rather send—odd's  
delf!

A gentleman to jail than—go himself.

This renders it advisable, that, ere you  
Leave home, your income should be set-  
tled surely;

For, if your purse want pith, not one will  
spare you—

Nay, those who fawned will treat you  
most haughtily;

Your very servants take the hint and  
stare you

I' th' face, as if they thought you looked  
but *poorly*.

As for myself, I had been *done*, that's un-  
done—

If 'twere not for a friend who lives in  
London.

These extracts will, better than  
our criticisms, were we disposed to  
indulge in them, exhibit the manner  
and merits of *Rouge et Noir*. The

poem is, to our taste, light, agreeable,  
*able*, and *laudable*; not deficient in  
sportiveness, but rather more singu-  
lar for being correct and vivid in its  
descriptions, and excellent for the  
lessons it inculcates. Two or three  
rhymes ought hardly to have passed  
muster, even in the license of the  
ottava rima;—for example: "skill  
for" "mill or," "quicksilver," stan-  
za vi, canto I; "peripatetic," "get  
sick" xvi, 62; and we are the more  
surprized at these, as the gene-  
rality are musical and happy. We  
must also object to the annexed,  
where the word "*decided*" is clearly  
introduced, not for its value in sig-  
nification, but for its rhyme's sake\*.

These, however, are but specks on  
a very shining composition; and we  
cannot close without saying that the

\* But 'twas the table, not the players,  
we were describing; they must wait till  
it's *decided*.

whole work is far above the common standard, and distinctly the emanation of a refined and intelligent person.

From the shorter effusions with which the publication is enriched, we take the following without comment, trusting that they will appear to our readers as to us, to be very sweet and poetical.

*Withered Violets.*

Long years have passed, pale flowers!  
since you

Were culled and given, in brightest  
bloom,

By one whose eye eclipsed your blue—  
Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years! but, tho' your bloom be  
gone,

The fragrance which your freshness shed  
Survives, as memory lingers on  
When all that blessed its birth has fled.

Thus hues and hopes will pass away—  
Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss depart:  
Oh, what is left when these decay?  
The faded leaf—the withered heart!

*The Star.*

How brilliant on the Ethiop brow of night  
Burns you fixed star, whose intermitting  
rays,

Like woman's changeful eye, now shun  
our gaze,

And now break forth in all the life of  
light!

Far fount of beams! thou scarce art to  
the sight,

In size, a spangle on the Tyrian stole  
Of majesty, mid hosts more mildly bright,  
Although of worlds the centre and the  
soul!

Sure 'twas a thing for angels to have  
seen,

When God did hang those lustres  
through the sky;

And darkness, turning pallid, sought to  
screen

With dusky wing her dazed and haggard  
eye;

But 'twas in vain; for pierced with light,  
she died:

And now her timid ghost dares only brood  
O'er planets in their midnight solitude,  
Doomed all the day in ocean's caves to  
hide.

Thou burning axle of a mighty wheel!  
Dost thou afflict the beings of thy ray  
With feelings such as we on earth must  
feel—

Pride, passion, envy, hatred, agony?  
Doth any weep o'er blighted hope? or  
curse

That hour thy light first ushered them to  
life?

Or malice, keener than the assassin's  
knife?

Stab in the dark? or hollow friendship,  
worse,

Skilled round the heart with viper coil  
to wind,

Forsake, and leave his sleepless sting  
behind!

No, if I deemed it, I should cease to look  
Beyond the scene where thousands know  
such ills;

Nor longer read that brightly-lettered  
book

Which heaven unfolds, whose page of  
beauty fills

The breast with hope of an immortal lot,  
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot.

Oh, then the soul, no longer earthward  
weighed

Shall soar towards heaven on exulting  
wing.

Among the joys past Fancy's picturing,  
It may be one to scan, through space  
displayed,

Those wondrous works our blindness  
now debars—

The awful secrets written in the stars.

We would add the exquisite tribute  
to the memory of captain Black-  
wood, but that we think it has al-  
ready appeared in print.

*Palmyre et Flaminié, ou le Secret.*  
Par Mad. la Comtesse de Genlis.  
2 vols. 12mo. Paris and London,  
1821.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Madame de Genlis is one of the most voluminous and various of female writers. Her works have recently been reckoned up in a French publication, which we have seen, to nearly a hundred volumes. She has explored or skirted the regions of morals, theology, and romance. It is in the last mentioned, however, that she is chiefly distinguished. Her novels, whether of pure imagination, or involving historical facts and personages, are generally instructive, always pleasing, and never dangerous. She does not reach or affect the masculine eloquence of *Corinne*, nor the impetuous fervour of passion and imagination, which runs through *Annelie Mansfeldt* and *Matilde*. But she does not lose sight of the real world in gigantic designs of social reform, in the visions of a theory of the passions or of a too intense sensibility of temperament. Her sensibility and imagination are pure and sage; her narration has the secret and essential charm of interest; and she has had the rare advantage, from her rank and age, of viewing society from its most elevated station. For more than half a century, during which the vices and graces of civili-

zation have been greatly advanced, and the consequences of these social phenomena, exhibited in the most terrific and disastrous form. It is at the beginning of this momentous period, when one of the meanest of human creatures, untaught to read, write, or speak, with no recommendation but depravity and beauty, was raised from the stews, to be, under the name of Madame du Barri, the companion of a monarch, and the arbitress of a proud and brilliant, and memorably degraded court, where philosophy and sophistry, science and pretension, elegance and sensuality, cast their light and shade upon French society, that the feigned correspondence contained in the volumes before us is supposed to have taken place. Madame de Genlis touches the female ambition of court intrigue happily, but lightly. She rates the sophists and sensualists, with just severity, although occasionally her didactics are a little common-place and self complacent; and she illustrates with ingenuity and pathos, the errors and dangers to which youth, innocence, candour and beauty, are exposed, in a society constituted like that of Paris, at the period of which we speak. This latter is the leading moral of her story, and it is illustrated in the person of the heroine, Palmyre, a Mademoiselle de Nantel, but now Countess Charles d'Elmas. She is, of course, exceedingly beautiful, and possessed of every accomplishment; she sings, plays, draws, paints, to perfection. But she has received a moral education, which would have marred any other head and heart.

This is the consequence of her mamma's affectation of sentiment and sensibility, from which, at twenty years of age, her character has received its impress; and she is abandoned forever to illusions which she can renounce only for despair, her future life a grievous state of ceaseless and conflicting agitations.

Such it proves to be in the progress of the story. Palmyre loves her husband to adoration, and imagines her tenderness requited. Her husband leaves her to join his regiment, and sheds no tear at parting—but it was "the tearless agony of despair." He writes to her seldom, and his letters are short and hurried; but he assures the dear angel

that he adores her. She believes him. She is, moreover, consoled by the presence of a female friend, Madame d'Erville, upon whom she expends the tenderness which she can no longer bestow upon her absent lord; and there is a certain Chevalier de Blanfort, in the sincerity of whose friendship to her husband, and purity of whose attachment to herself, she has the most entire confidence. But the ingenuous Palmyre is soon wofully disenchanted. Her spouse had become so insensible to her charms, that he yawned at the mention of her name, lived a life of cheerless dissipation, and gives her a rival in an opera dancer, who dupes and ruins him, according to the received rules of that amiable Parisian sisterhood. The romantic Madame d'Erville, who could prefer rural life, pastoral innocence, and the society of Palmyre, to the pomp and vanity and dissimulation of a court, which she endures because she would not make some friends unhappy, proves herself to her credulous friend, what she was to all the rest of the world—a mean, artful, ambitious *intriguante*, who had set her soul upon being admitted to the supper parties of the king's mistress at Versailles and Marli. Then the friend of her husband has won her confidence, with the hope of corrupting her virtue; having failed in which he resorts to a desperate artifice, which is equally unsuccessful, but which is near compromising the life of her husband, and her own reputation.

The seducer furnishes traits of his character in his letters to a brother libertine: for instance—"Count Charles d'Elmas sets out for his regiment at Pau, in a mortal paroxysm of ennui: he has just married the prettiest woman of Paris, but one who will not have the triumph of waking him from his apathy. It is a whimsical thing enough, that a man of twenty-nine should have suffered such an evaporation of soul as to preserve, only from mere habit, a little of the deportment and language, with all the pretensions of a man of gallantry. Benserade said of a lady of his time who loved a husband, not of the most amiable kind—'So much the better; having loved this man, she will no doubt love another.' This may be applied to the countess.

Her husband has a handsome person, and is no fool. But his imagination is so blank and barren, and his heart so drained; he is so unstrung by palling pleasures, which have robbed him of all energy, that he cannot continue to preserve the sole possession of a woman's heart. The countess has fancy, vivacity, artlessness and susceptibility. I know no woman with a turn of mind and character more original and inviting. Come, my master, my guide, my friend, I want your counsel, I want a—confidant.....

"I have turned the head of the old duchess d'Elmas. She is enchanted with my *steadiness*. This is a eulogy which may be gained from any old woman, by merely sitting by her side, and listening to her relation of anecdotes of her youth. An ancient author has said of a wandering people, that life to them was a long flight. Mine is a long series of everlasting expectancies. I have never had the idea of happiness, but in distant perspective; like a cloud in which, with only a little leisure and imagination, we may contemplate any figure according to our phantasy, and which suddenly vanishes from our sight for ever. The future is, to me, an insolvent or fraudulent debtor, either paying me nothing, or paying me in false coin. What shall become of me when I can no longer be cheated? What living being can regard the past without disgust, or the present with contentment? We must then commit all to the future, sinking our principal for ever, where bankruptcy is inevitable. If there exist any who are really devout, and are not ideots, I do envy them. They have always before their eyes, even on the brink of the grave, a vision of futurity, splendid and immense—and ours is so confined! What prospect has man after 48 or 50 years?—the gout and old age. The season of a woman is still shorter. After 35, what has she to hope for? Some compliment me upon my gaiety.—How mistaken!—my reflections are often most gloomy and mournful."

We copy also a part of the answer of his friend, as a fit example of the work.

"Confined," he says, "in a frightful precipice, and overwhelmed with premature infirmity and bodily pains,

how could I, from the bottom of this abyss, 'read just thy ideas,' or even sympathize in the fantastic griefs caused thee by thy ardent imagination? Trust to me, violent fits of the gout and rheumatism, are the real ills of life. Far from pitying, I envy thee. Thou enjoyest good health, thy head is busily occupied, and thou drinkest in (to intoxication) fresh draughts of illusion. What better could one desire? That being, so capricious, so fantastical in his inconsistency, in his intelligence, in the daringness of his resolves and weakness of his will—the energy of his presumption and self-love—his proud disdain of the human race—the extent of his desires, and the short duration of his existence—in fine, man, cast for a few instants of eternal time, on the surface of the earth, will be there, for ever, the play-thing of the storm, or the melancholy and languid victim of a dull calm. We have said it a thousand times, such must be our destiny in this rapid passage, without outlet, without goal; or terminating only in the gulf of eternal oblivion. We must then chuse between being tormented or benumbed—between apathy and agitation. But all this philosophy sinks down in helpless consternation at the terrible question, 'What remains there to do with life, when all our tastes are extinct, and we are oppressed under infirmities and bodily ills, for which there is no cure?'—If philosophy dares answer, there is but one counsel which she can give—and that fatal counsel, so contrary to all the instincts of nature, cannot be followed without all the horrors of despair—intolerable pains, or sudden annihilation!—Dread alternative!—Inconsistency of man! Why, even with my abhorred existence, this invincible horror of the *deïverer, nothingness*? The man, then, that is most exempt from prejudice, is subject to doubts that alarm him. The bottom of our hearts is an abyss more stormy, and above all, more dark, than the bottom of the sea. All within it is collision and combat. Disorder and confusion ever reign there. Nothing there is fixed, but uncertainty and desolation."

Madame de Genlis has grouped, with skill, several other figures on the canvass. Flamme is a sort of pedant, whose education, and, con-

sequently whose character presents a strong contrast to that of Palmyre, and thus illustrate the author's moral. She is the orphan child of a much older sister of Palmyre, who, by an unhappy marriage, had incurred the displeasure of her mother, and consigned herself to poverty and provincial obscurity—soon became a widow, and, after consecrating the remaining years of her life to the bringing up of her only child, leaves her, at the age of 17, an orphan—with no inheritance but a good education, a good governess, a manuscript containing the particulars of her own sorrows, for the instruction of her child, (an episode, which may be read with real advantage by all mothers and daughters) and a small but competent revenue.

There is a *Marquis de Nelmur*, a beardless *Cato*, with "every virtue under heaven," who is particularly distinguished for his heroic sorrow on the death of a youthful friend and companion in travel; but whom, it turns out, he had himself killed in a duel. The discovery of this incident resolves a mystery which gives to the novel the title of "*The Secret*." Madame Dubreuil is a prudent person, with some pretension to *bel esprit*, who has married against her *penchant*, keeps up a platonic correspondence with her "friend," which is made the vehicle of much of Madame de Genlis's story. The remainder are a pious, humane, good sort of people. *Palmyre* and *Blanfort* usurp much of the interest. We endure most of the others, because these are the subject of their letters, *Flaminie* is too faultless and unimpassioned to excite emotion. She is all fair, and has somewhat of the insipidity of the Albino class. The *Chevalier de Blanfort* is reformed by the result of his adventure with *Palmyre*, and by the apropos discovery of the "secret" of *Nelmur*, and by the edifying spectacle of two death-scenes—that of his old tutor and friend, *Pontenil*, who dies in doubt and misery, like so many infidels, and that of a christian, resolved and happy in his faith, the husband of the platonic fair one, who dies conveniently for the conversion of *Blanfort* and the happiness of his spouse; the latter, at the age of 40, and a widow, can, without scandal, live in a more intimate union with

her swain of 55. We are sorry to find Madame de Genlis resting the truths of religion upon a death-bed spectacle. This establishes only the sincerity of the dying man's faith, and says nothing of its truth. Credulous error, and inhuman fanaticism, will surround a death-bed with brighter visions of the future than Christian reason. The young Turk in battle flings his life upon the enemy's ranks, exclaiming, "Now for the prophet's heaven, and the black-eyed Houris." Let us rest the truths of religion upon their true bases,—the highest external evidence,—a humanity and purity new to man,—and the authority of those illustrious intellects whose faith is undisputed.

## LAW.

## DIGEST OF THE PUBLIC ACTS PASSED AT THE LAST SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[Continued from page 368.]

Chap. 69.—An act for the improvement of the state.

SECT. 36. \$12,000 to the stock of the Indiana and Ebensburg turnpike.

SECT. 37. 100 shares at \$50 each, to be subscribed to the company for erecting a bridge over the Conemaugh river.

SECT. 38. \$1000 appropriated for the purpose of improving a road in Luzerne county, from Lackawanna river up the Susquehannah to Keeler's ferry.

SECT. 39. \$3000 appropriated for improving a road at the Lehigh Gap.

SECT. 40. \$12,000 to the stock of the Pittsburgh and Steubenville turnpike.

SECT. 41. \$5000 to the stock of the Little Conestoga turnpike.

SECT. 42. \$1000 appropriated for improving a road in Bradford county, between Sugar creek and the house of Thomas Overter.

SECT. 43. \$2000 appropriated for improving a road from Williamsport to Bradford county, by way of the heads of the Torsanda and Sugar creeks, to the New York line.

SECT. 44. \$10,000 to the stock of the York and Gettysburg turnpike.

SECT. 45. 100 shares at \$100 per share, to be subscribed to the Anderson's ferry, Waterford and New Haven turnpike.

SECT. 46. \$3000 to the capital stock of the company for erecting a bridge over the Schuylkill at Pottstown.

SECT. 47. 150 shares to be subscribed to the stock of the Waynesbury and Mercersburg turnpike.

SECT. 48. \$4,500 for improving the state road from Franklin to Mercer.

SECT. 49. \$8000 for completing the state road from Clarke's ferry to Burnt Cabbins.

SECT. 50. \$4,800 appropriated for improvement of certain roads &c. in Lycoming county, viz. \$2000 for improving a road in Washington township from John Peatt's to George Porter's. \$500 to the road from Henry Antes', to the head of White-deer valley. And \$2000 to aid in the erection of a bridge over Pine creek, at such point as the commissioners may direct, *provided*, that \$1000 shall be subscribed by individuals.

SECT. 51. \$1000 appropriated to be expended in improvements in Lycoming county, viz. \$200 on the post road, from the Union county line to White Deer Hole creek, and \$800 in building a bridge over said creek.

SECT. 52. \$1800 to be expended in improvements in Union county, viz. \$900 to aid in repairing a bridge across Back creek, and \$900 on the road between Middle creek and Samuel Whitmor's.

SECT. 53. \$1500 appropriated for the purpose of opening the road from York Haven to the east end of a bridge across Yellow Breeches creek.

SECT. 54. \$3000 appropriated for improving the state road between Meadville to the Ohio line.

SECT. 55. 150 shares to be subscribed for in the Downingtown, Ephrata and Harrisburgh turnpike.

SECT. 56. \$2000 appropriated for improving the river road from New Hope to Durham creek in Bucks county.

SECT. 57. 100 shares to be subscribed for in the Hanover and Carlisle turnpike road, to be expended in completing that part of the road from the 15th milestone across the south mountain. As soon as the first 5 miles are completed, \$5000 to be paid, and on the completion of the remaining 5 miles, a further sum of \$5000.

SECT. 58. \$1000 appropriated to improve the river road from Easton to Durham creek, in Bucks county.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Ode on the Autumn.*

Bright season of the perfect year!  
Who shall thy ripen'd treasures sing?  
What fruits the fields, the vineyards bear,  
What odours, richer than the spring  
Can waft from all his opening beds,  
His grateful dews, his floral meads;  
While now, a ruddier face, the sun  
Assumes for his completed toils,  
And in his shorten'd journey smiles  
At what his genial warmth has done.

Ah! Ceres, can thy melting heart  
Bleed for the lone, the suffering poor?  
His hopes the early tempests thwart,  
And leafy fragments bar the door.  
The sickening heart, the freezing vein,  
The limb benumb'd, the aching brain  
Proclaim the cheerless spectre near,—  
Headless, intruding Poverty;  
Ne'er heav'd her bosom with a sigh,  
Nor eye-lid glisten'd with a tear.

But, thou, oh! plenty-crowned queen,  
The labouring peasant's fate reverse,  
Bid comfort shine each chink between,  
And want's unkindly shade disperse:  
Thy fruits, thy grain, thy treasures  
spread,

And ah! thatch the rain-beaten shed,  
Till trickling damp may chill no more;  
The sick can free from toil remain,—  
The ripen'd sheaf, the bursting grain,  
Already croud the ample floor.

But, goddess, say, from whom obtained,  
From whom th' autumnal treasure  
gain'd;

Who the tender blossom nourish'd,  
Beneath what omen has it flourish'd;  
Who rear'd the stripling, warm'd to birth,  
Till hung with fruit, it kiss'd the earth?  
'Twas thou, fair sun, whose fostering  
beam

First taught the infant plant to teem.  
E'en thus the soil, that, moistening flow  
Of genius ne'er refresh'd till now,  
Opes its breast, its fetters bursts,  
For th' inflaming nectar thirsts:—  
E'en thus the fiery breathings swell  
Infuriate for the sacred shell.

And thou, departed sun, prepar'd  
To illumine the watery southern pole,  
From thy reviving light debarr'd  
We pray thee back thy chariot roll:  
Bright Ceres waits thy long return  
To ripen what her various urn  
May trust unto the foodful earth,  
Lyceus guards his leafless vines,  
That, when thy brighter influence shines,  
His bowls may still be crown'd with  
mirth.

But, while these fruitful themes we sing,  
See where the mirthful god reposes,  
His face e'en blithsome as the spring,  
His head entwined with weeping roses:  
His hand still strains the ivy bough  
E'er sacred to the god of pleasure,  
And smiles are playing on his brow,  
Twinn'd with the autumn's blushing  
treasure.

Juices of the trickling vine,  
Brimming cups of joy are thine;  
With blisses see the cluster heaving,  
Richest purple prizes weaving;  
These are worth thy hand to press them,  
And thy rosy lips caress them.

How sweet the heart with wine-tears  
moist;  
Then the eye of grief's rejoic'd,  
Sweet with mirth ecstatic throbbing,  
Leas'd the sigh of sorrow sobbing;  
Sweet the jocund god of pleasure,  
Sweet the Teian's smiling measure;—  
Bacchus! all thy reign is blisses,  
All thy joys are pledging kisses.—OSCAR.

[From Lloyd's Poems.]

## "TO MY CHILDREN."

*Written under the influence of great  
depression of spirits.*

My babes, no more I'll behold ye,  
Little think ye how he ye once lov'd,  
Your father, who oft did enfold ye,  
With all that a parent e'er prov'd—  
How with many a pang he is saddened,  
How many a tear he has shed  
For the eight human blossoms that glad-  
dened

His path, and his table, and bed.

None knows what a fond parent smothers,  
Save he who a parent has been;  
Who once more, in his daughters, their  
mother's,

In his boys, has his own image seen!  
And who—can I finish my story?—  
Has seen them all shrink from his grasp;  
Departed the crown of his glory,  
No wife, and no children to clasp!—

By all the dear names I have utter'd,  
By all the most sacred caresses,  
By the frolicsome nothings I've mutter'd  
In a mood that sheds tears while it  
blesses;

By the kisses so fond I have given,  
By the plump little arm's cleaving  
twine,

By the bright eye whose language was  
heaven,  
By the rose on the cheek press'd to  
mine;

By its warmth that seem'd pregnant  
with spirit,—

By the little feet's fond interlacing,  
While others pressed forward to inherit  
The place of the one thus embracing;

By the breast that with pleasure was  
troubled,  
Since no words were to speak it avail-  
ing;

Till the bliss of the heart was redoubled  
As in smiles on the lips 'twas exhaling;

By the girl who, to sleep when consign'd,  
The promised kiss still recollected,  
And no sleep on her pillow could find,  
If her father's farewell were neglected;

Who ask'd me, when infancy's terrors  
Assail'd her, to sit by her bed;  
And for the past day's little errors  
On my cheek tears of penitence shed;

By those innocent tears of repentance,  
More pure e'en than smiles without sin,  
Since they mark with what delicate sen-  
tence  
Childhood's conscience pronounces  
within;

By the dear little forms, one by one,  
Some in beds closely coupled half-  
sleeping,  
While the cribb'd infant nestled alone—  
Whose heads at my coming all peeping,  
Betrayed that the pulse of each heart  
Of my feet's stealing fall knew the  
speech;

While all would not let me depart,  
Till the kiss was bestowed upon each;  
By the boy who, when walking and mus-  
ing

And thinking myself quite alone,  
Would follow the path I was choosing,  
And thrust his dear hand in my own;  
Joy more welcome because unexpected;  
By all this fond store of delights,  
(Which, in sullen mood, had I neglected,  
Every curse with which heaven re-  
quires,

Were never sufficient for crushing  
A churl so malign and hard-hearted.)  
But by the warm tears that are gushing,  
As I think of the joys that are parted;

Were ye not as the rays that are twink-  
ling  
On the waves of some clear haunted  
stream?

Were ye not as the stars that are sprink-  
ling

Night's firmament, dark without them?  
My forebodings then hear! By each one  
Of the dear dreams through which I  
have travelled,

The cup of enjoyment from none  
Can I take, till the spells, one by one,  
Which have wither'd ye all, be unwav'd.

## PERCY ANECDOTES.

## YOU TH.

*Presence of Mind.*

In the insurrection headed by Wat Tyler, Richard the Second owed the preservation of his life to his intrepidity and presence of mind. In the meeting at Smithfield, when the insurgents saw their leader fall by the sword of the lord Mayor, Walworth, they drew their bows to revenge his fall. Richard, then only fourteen years of age, galloped up to the archers, and exclaimed, 'What are you doing, my lieges? Tyler was a traitor; come with me, and I will be your leader.' Wavering and disconcerted they followed him into the fields at Islington, and falling on their knees, begged for mercy. This monarch gave several other proofs of his courage at an early age.

*Wages like a King's.*

In one of the journeys of Louis XI. of France, he went into the kitchen of an

inn where he was not known, and observing a lad turning a spit, asked his name, and what he was. The lad, with great simplicity, answered, that his name was Beringer; that he was indeed not a very great man, but that still he got as much as the King of France. "And what, my lad, does the king of France get?" said Louis. "His wages," replied the boy, "which he holds from God, and I hold mine from the King." Louis was so pleased with this answer, that he took the boy with him, and gave him a situation to attend on his person.

#### Christmas Pie.

An eminent preacher of the present day had, when a boy, committed some offence for which his father decreed as a punishment, that he should be excluded from the family table on Christmas day. When the young delinquent saw the vast culinary preparations made for the feast from which he was debarred, he was moved less with envy, than with a contempt for the sort of punishment which had been imposed on him; but mixing in his disposition a good deal of the satiric with the serious, he resolved not to be without his joke on the occasion. He contrived to obtain secret access to a veal patty, on which the cook had exhausted all her skill, and carefully taking off the cover, so as to avoid any mark of fracture or disturbance, he took out the greater part of the meat, and filling up the dish with a quantity of grass, replaced the cover as it was.

The company met, and the dish was served up to them in this state: it fell to the lot of the young wag's father to break up the pie, and his surprise on doing so may be more easily conceived than described. Stirring the grass about, in a fit of rising indignation, his fork encountered a small slip of paper, on taking out which, he read on it these words: '*All flesh is grass.*'

#### The Mural Crown.

The first among the Romans who was honoured with the mural crown, was Manlius Capitolinus. When he was as yet not more than sixteen years of age, he had won the spoils of two enemies, and he lived to gain no less than thirteen civic garlands, and thirty other military rewards. It was this Manlius who defended and preserved the capitol, when the Gauls had almost become the masters of it, and hence it was he recorded the surname of *Capitolinus*.

#### Cato of Utica.

Plutarch mentions a singular instance of the early manifestation of that bold and fearless spirit which distinguished this illustrious Roman. The Italian allies of Rome having demanded admission to the privilege of citizenship, Pompeius Silo, one of their deputies for urging this claim, was a guest at the house of Drusus, the

maternal uncle of Cato, and in a jocose manner asked young Cato to recommend his suit to his uncle. The child was silent; but expressed by his looks that he had no inclination to comply with the request. Pompeius renewed his solicitations, but was unable to prevail. At length he took up the infant Cato in his arms, and carrying him to the window, threatened to throw him over if he persisted in his refusal. But fear was as unavailing as entreaty. Pompeius, on letting him down in the room, exclaimed, 'What an happiness it is for Italy that thou art but a child! for if thou wert of age, we should not have a single vote.'

At the age of fourteen, Cato was introduced by his tutor, Sarpedon, to the house of Sylla, the Dictator, which, on account of the proscriptions and cruelties of that tyrant, was a scene of torture and of blood. When the youth observed the heads of several noble victims who had been murdered, carried out, and the bystanders secretly sighing at the horrid spectacle, he asked his tutor, 'Why nobody killed such a tyrant?' 'It is,' replied he, 'because he is still more feared than hated.' Cato exclaimed, 'O that I had a sword, that I might kill him, and deliver my country from slavery!'

Notwithstanding the youthful sternness of Cato's character he was not unsusceptible of tender emotions, nor destitute of kind affections. Never was fraternal love stronger than that which he bore to his brother Cæpio.

When any one asked him whom he loved best, he would answer, 'My brother Cæpio.' And when farther asked whom next he most loved, he would repeat, 'Cæpio;' and so to each successive question of the same sort, till his interrogators ceased to enquire any farther. As he grew to manhood, he gave many strong confirmations of this brotherly attachment. He never supped without Cæpio; never went any journey without him—never even walked in the market place without him.

'And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled, and inseparable.'

SHAKESPEARE.

When Cæpio was at length cut off by death, grief seemed to triumph over all Cato's philosophy. Tears flowed profusely down his cheeks, while he embraced the dead body, and he fell into a state of dejection and melancholy, from which it was a long time ere he recovered.

#### Wit by the Wayside.

In the neighbourhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, there is a tower called Repentance. A pleasant answer of a shepherd's boy to Sir Richard Steele, founded on the name of this tower, is related. Sir Richard having observed a boy lying on the ground, and very attentively reading his Bible, asked if he could

tell him the way to heaven? "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "you must go by that tower."

#### LITERARY NOTICE.

Mrs. Hughes, the author of some very useful and entertaining little books, for children, has lately published "*Ornaments Discovered*," the 2d edition, enlarged, and corrected. We have looked over it with great pleasure. It appears well calculated both in substance and manner, for the purpose for which it is intended. The moral lessons with which it abounds, must needs make a strong impression upon the minds of children, when accompanied by so much attraction in the incidents of the narrative, and in the natural tone of the dialogue. The character of juvenile literature has improved in a surprising degree within a few years. The world owes much to Miss Edgeworth and others, who have produced this change. Of its value and importance no one can doubt who considers the permanency of impression made in youth, and the propriety, to say the least of them, of the books of recreation given to the children of the last generation. We hope the success Mrs. Hughes has met with may encourage her to continue the composition of similar works.

#### To Readers, &c.

The original memoir on the Empire of Morocco, which is from the pen of a learned foreigner, will be resumed after the next meeting of the Philosophical society, to which association the manuscript is to be submitted by the author.

A notice of the Exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts, has been accidentally delayed, but will appear soon.

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